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dett-Coutts, Earl Grosvenor, and others are owners of his Arctic paintings. He can therefore afford to miss the pleasure of winning a new American fame. Whether one likes his work or not depends upon what one demands in a picture. If an artist chooses to be the servant of science as well as of art, he will at any rate be sure of support from those who want pictures for information as well as for inspiration. ALPHA.

THE RECENT CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

THE art exhibition at the recent Inter-State Industrial Exposition of Chicago was very creditable. The seven hundred numbers of the catalogue included many well-known paintings by European artists, lent for the occasion by the owners, and an excellent selection of casts of famous works of sculpture. The educational value of these latter is very great and the good sense of the managers of the exhibition in giving them the prominence they did speaks well for the future of similar enterprises in this country. In the handsome catalogue, illustrated with sketches of many of the American pictures by the artists themselves, explanatory notes were given concerning the Elgin marbles and other famous antiques in the British Museum, the Louvre, and the other great collections of Europe. Comparisons of ancient and modern sculpture were made easy by the placing in juxtaposition casts of such works as the noble "Diana Robing" in the Louvre, Canova's plagiarism of the Venus de Medici, Gibson's "Tinted Venus," and Thorwaldsen's "Venus Victrix."

The exhibition of American paintings cannot be called even fairly representative, with the conspicuous absence of names of such men as Bierstadt, Bridgman, Coleman, Knight, Humphrey Moore, Sargent, and Vedder. No pictures of particular importance were shown not previously seen in New York, although Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith sent on his nineteen Cuban sketches, made during his recent trip to the West Indies. Picknell's "Route de Concarneau," and Boughton's "The Return of the Mayflower," were lent by Mr. Fairman Rogers. The following artists were represented by the pictures named: George Inness, "An Old Roadway"; Frank Waller, "Temple of Kom Ombo," and "Interior Metropolitan Museum"; George Fuller, "The Quadroon," "A Reminiscence of Sicily"; Eastman Johnson, "The Funding Bill"; Hovenden, "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady"; Sartain, "A Quiet Moment"; Chas. H. Miller, "Sunset at East Hampton, L. I."; W. T. Richards, "The Cliffs of St. Levant"; Bunce, "Venetian Boats"; Thomas Moran, "The Cliffs of Green River"; Edward Moran, "Homeward Bound," "Toilers of the Fields"; Wm. Hart, "Twilight"; Thomas Moran, "Three Mile Harbor," "Sunset, Long Island Coast"; Louis C. Tiffany, "View in Italy." Jervis McEntee sent "Autumn Woods"; R. W. Van Boskerck, "An October Landscape"; Leon Moran, "The Salute"; Percy Moran, "Day Dreams"; Dielman, "October"; Jas. D. Smillie, "Evening Shadows"; Arthur Parton, "The Old Toll Gate"; J. H. Beard, "A Bird in the Hand," "Can't Fool Me"; A. T. Bricher, "Wreck at Atlantic City"; A. H. Wyant, "The Storm," "An Old Road in Moriah"; W. S. Macy, "Winter Sunset"; Arthur Quartley, "Dartmouth Marshes," "A Calm Morning," "An April Day, New York," and "After the Rain"; W. M. Chase, "Portrait of a Lady"; Shurtleff, "Autumn Gold," "Blue Heron"; J. G. Brown, "Full Blown," "His Face was Furrowed"; M. F. H. de Haas, "At Montauk Point"; Samuel Colman, "Sunset on the Pacific Coast." The hanging committee have received less notice than is usually accorded to the official headsmen on such an occasion; for the reason, perhaps, that the effort to give every one "the best place" was more successful than ordinarily. Van Boskerck and Verboeckhoven, Inness, and Diaz, Macy and Jacque hung side by side, cheek by jowl, in a manner that showed the committee's unbounded confidence in the ability of American art to hold its own under all circumstances. We do not know how this arrangement would have struck the eminent deceased, but it must, we suppose, have been highly gratifying to the living.

THE Brush electric light has been introduced into the court of the South Kensington Museum containing Sir Frederick Leighton's recently executed mural painting, it being feared that the work might be injured by gas.

AN ALLEGED MICHAEL ANGELO.

THERE has been a prolonged discussion in London art circles lately as to the authorship of "The Entombment," the famous unfinished picture in the National Gallery, generally held to be the work of Michael Angelo, but also attributed in previous controversies to Ghirlandajo, Mantegna, Pottajuolo, Verocchio, and others. Mr. J. C. Robinson, whose name is honorably associated with the South Kensington Museum, boldly declares it to be by Baccio Bandinelli. Mr. Poynter, Director of the National Gallery, Mr. Burton, and a host of other experts, controvert the claim with what seem to be overpowering arguments, and leave little doubt that this masterpiece—all contestants agree that it is such, whoever the artist may be—is an early production of Michael Angelo. The Athenæum is quite sure that Bandinelli did not paint the picture. "We quite fail to see," it says, "that it exhibits any of the types which Baccio employed. That artist's draughtsmanship is loose, not to say incorrect; his modeling is deficient in fruits of searching studies; his mode of composition has little or no compression; his groups, like the parts of his single figures, need coherence and concentration of the attitudes, actions, and, above all, of the motives they were designed to express. In short, Baccio's technical and mental grasp of his materials shows neither the completeness nor the spontaneity which glorify the picture in question, which in all these respects is absolutely antithetical to his work, and shows such transcendently grand expression, such dignity and pathos of air and movement; as no one before Mr. Robinson has ventured to attribute to him. . . . If not to Michael Angelo, we do not hesitate to ascribe it (the painting in question) to Ghirlandajo, his teacher. It shows, we think, a compound of the powers of both painters such as could only be due to the youth of the former."

SOME CRUIKSHANK DRAWINGS.

AN interesting collection of original sketches by George Cruikshank, nearly a hundred in number, has been acquired by Mr. J. W. Bouton. They are in lead pencil, pen-and-ink, wash, and we noticed two or three—there may be more—in pure water color. All are framed. In some instances the original drawing and an impression of the engraving appear together. Some frontispiece designs for books long out of print are not the least valuable numbers in the collection. Among these is a pencil sketch, lightly washed with sepia, of "Cakes and Ale," by Douglas Jerrold, published by the extinct firm of How & Parsons, in Fleet Street, and a sketch in pen-and-ink for a frontispiece for "The Enchanted Garden," with the humorous conceit of a youth sliding down a rainbow. The collection, we are informed, has only just been rescued from chancery, where it has long been tied up; which probably accounts for its being in the market, for the English devotees of Cruikshankiana rarely let a scrap from the later Hogarth escape them. With the exception of Mr. John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, we know of no American who has what might be called an important collection of Cruikshank's drawings.

The Print Collector.

CAUTIONS TO COLLECTORS.

THE collector of prints may be first cautioned against indulging a desire to become possessed of all the works of any master. There are no masters whose works in the gross deserve notice. No man is equal to himself in all his compositions. We have known a collector of Rembrandt ready to give any price for a print or two, which he wanted to complete his collection; though it had been to Rembrandt's credit if those prints had been suppressed. There is no doubt that if one-third of the works of this master should be tried by the rules of just criticism, they would appear of little value. The great Prince Eugene, it is said, was a collector of this kind, and piqued himself upon having in his possession all the works of all the masters. His collection was bulky and cost eighty thousand pounds; but when sifted, could not, in that day, be worth as many hundreds.

The collector of prints may, secondly, be cautioned against a superstitious veneration of names. A true judge leaves the master out of the question, and only examines the work. But with a little genius nothing sways like a great name. It carries a wonderful force; covers glaring faults, and creates imaginary beauties. That species of criticism is certainly just which examines the different manners of different masters, with a view to discover in how many ways a good effect may be produced, and which produces the best. But to be curious in finding out a master, in order *there* to rest the judgment, is a kind of criticism very paltry and illiberal. It is judging of the work by the master, instead of the master by the work. Hence it is that such vile prints as the "Woman in the Cauldron," and "Mount Parnassus," obtain credit among connoisseurs. If you ask wherein the beauty consists? you are informed, they are engraved by Marc Antonio; and if that does not satisfy you, you are further assured they are after Raphael. This absurd taste raised an honest indignation in that ingenious artist Picart; who having shown the world, by his excellent imitations, how ridiculous it is to pay a blind veneration to names, tells us that he had compared some of the engravings of the ancient masters with the original pictures, and found them very bad copies. He speaks of the stiffness, which in general runs through them, of the hair of children which resembles pot-hooks—and of the ignorance of those engravers of anatomy, drawing, and the distribution of light.

A third caution, which may be of use in collecting prints is, not to rate their value by their scarceness. Scarceness will make a valuable print more valuable; but to make scarceness the standard of a print's value, is to mistake an accident for a merit. This folly is founded on vanity; and arises from a desire of possessing what nobody else can possess. The want of real merit is made up by imaginary; and the object is intended to be kept, not looked at. Yet, absurd as this false taste is, nothing is more common; and a trifling genius may be found who will give fifty dollars for Hollar's shells, which, valued according to their real merit, the scarcity of them being added to the account, are not worth more than as many dimes. Instances in abundance might be collected of the prevalence of this folly. Le Clerc, in his print of "Alexander's Triumph," had given a profile of that prince. The print was shown to the Duke of Orleans, who was pleased with it on the whole, but justly enough objected to the side face. The obsequious artist erased it, and engraved a full one. A few impressions had been taken from the plate in its first state, which fell among the curious for ten times the price of the impressions taken after the face was altered. Callot, once, pleased with a little plate of his own etching, made a hole in it, through which he drew a ribbon, and wore it at his button. The impressions after the hole was made, are very scarce and amazingly valuable! Vandyke etched a print of the Holy Family, in which St. John was represented laying his hand upon the Virgin's shoulder. The print, before it was published, was shown among his critical friends, some of whom thought the action of St. John too familiar. The painter was convinced, and removed the hand. But he was mistaken when he thought he added value to his print by the alteration. The impressions which got abroad with the hand upon the shoulder would buy up all the rest, three times over, in any auction in London or Paris.

Many of Rembrandt's prints receive infinite value from little accidental alterations of this kind. A few impressions were taken from one plate, before a dog was introduced; from another, before a white horsetail was turned into a black one; from a third, before a sign-post was inserted at an ale house door, and all the scarce prints from these plates, though altered for the better, are the prints of value! The rest are common and cheap! We shall conclude these instances with a story of a late celebrated collector of pictures. He was showing his collection with great satisfaction; and after expatiating upon many noble works by Guido, Marratti, and other masters, he turned suddenly to the gentleman whom he attended, and, "Now, sir," said he, "I'll show you a real curiosity; there is a Woverman without a horse in it." The circumstance, it is true, was uncommon; but it was unluckily the very circumstance which made the picture of little real value.

Let the collector of prints be cautioned, fourthly, to beware of buying copies for originals. Most of the

works of capital masters have been copied; and many of them so well, that if a person be not versed in prints, he may easily be deceived. Were the copies really as good as the originals the name would signify nothing, but, like translations, they necessarily fall short of the spirit of the original, and contract a stiffness from the fear of erring. When seen apart, they look well, but when compared with the originals, the difference easily appears. Thus Callot's "beggars" have been so well copied that the difference between the originals and the copies would not immediately strike you; but when you compare them it is obvious. There is a plain want of freedom; the characters are less strongly marked; and the extremities are less accurately touched. It is a difficult matter to give rules to assist in distinguishing the copy from the original. In most cases the engraver's name or his mark (which should be well known) will be a sufficient direction. These the copyist is seldom hardy enough to forge. But in anonymous prints it is a matter of more difficulty. All that can be done is to attend carefully to the freedom of manner, in the extremities especially, in which the copyist is more liable to fail. When you are pretty well acquainted with the manner of a master you cannot well be deceived. When you are not, your best way is to be directed by those who are.

The last caution we shall give to the collector of prints is, to take care not to purchase bad impressions. There are three things which make an impression bad. The first is, its being *ill taken off*. Some prints seem to have received the force of the roller at intervals. The impression is double, and gives that glimmering appearance which puzzles the eye. A second thing which makes an impression bad is a *worn plate*. There is as much difference between the first and the last impression of the same plate, as between two different prints. The *effect* is wholly lost in a faint impression, and you have nothing left but a vapid design without spirit and without force. In mezzotint especially a strong impression is desirable. For the spirit of a mezzotint quickly evaporates, without which it is the most insipid of all prints. In engraving and etching there will be always here and there a dark touch, which long preserves an appearance of spirit; but mezzotint is a flat surface, and when it begins to wear it wears *all over*. Too many of the works of the great masters which are commonly hawked about at auctions or sold in shops, are in this wretched state. It is difficult to meet with a good impression. The Salvators and Rembrandts which we meet with now, except here and there, in some choice collection, are seldom better than mere reverses. You see the form of the print, but the elegant and masterly touches are gone; backgrounds and foregrounds are jumbled together by the confusion of all distance, and you have rather the shadow of a print left than the print itself. The last thing which makes a bad impression is *retouching a worn plate*. Sometimes this is performed by the master himself, and then the spirit of the impression may be still preserved. But most commonly the retouching part is done by some bungler, into whose hands the plate has fallen; and then it is most execrable. In a worn plate, at least what you have is good; you have the remains of something excellent; and if you are versed in the works of the master your imagination may be agreeably exercised in making out what is lost. But when the plate has gone through the hands of a bungler, who has worked it over with his infamous scratches, the idea of the master is lost; and you have nothing left but strong, harsh, and unmeaning lines upon a faint ground; which is the most disagreeable compound with which the eye can be presented. Such prints, and many such are offered us, are of little value. Real masters would not have owned such works. Yet as we are often obliged to take up with such impressions as we can get, let us rather choose the faint impressions than the retouched ones.

BARTOLOZZI AND HIS WORKS.

DURING a visit to London this summer the writer one day revisited the old book and print shops that abound in the Covent Garden region, and idled away an hour or so in turning over the contents of the portfolios lying on the counters outside. Many a rare old engraving used to be picked up in this way for a few pence. It was our special delight once to collect the pretty soft-toned prints of Bartolozzi, and on this day

we were rewarded after rummaging through a pile of rubbish by finding a dozen or more choice little examples of that favorite engraver. "How much?" we asked in the old careless way, throwing upon the counter the prints selected. Instead of replying "two shillings" or "three shillings" as the case might be, the old woman in charge deliberately turned over each print in the lot, on which we now noticed for the first time the price was marked in pencil. After a little mental calculation she said, "Four pound ten and six, sir." "Good gracious!" we exclaimed, "your prices are much higher than they used to be." "Yes, sir, they are for Bartolozzis. There is a great demand for them," she said. We were soon satisfied that this was true. Everywhere in London the prints are held at high prices. Messrs. Scribner & Welford have taken advantage of the revived popularity of Bartolozzi, and in a few weeks will bring out two sumptuous volumes by Mr. Andrew W. Tuer devoted to him and his works. Mr. Tuer has succeeded in cataloguing upward of 2000 examples of these fashionable prints; the largest list hitherto compiled—Le Blanck's—contained only 700. Among the illustrations will be a pair of beautiful and exquisitely finished fancy subjects in stipple from copper plates engraved by Bartolozzi in 1783, in brilliant condition, entitled "A St. James's Beauty," and "A St. Giles's Beauty," printed in red on old paper; and a pair of highly finished portraits, from the original copper plates, of "Sarah, Countess of Kinnoull," and "Robert Auriol, Earl of Kinnoull," engraved by Caroline Watson in 1799, also in brilliant condition, printed on old paper in brown ink; a charming vignette of Cupid, printed in red; and a ticket for the Mansion House ball, 1773, all printed direct from the plates. This reprinting from the original copper plate naturally leads to the conclusion that they have been "stealed." By this process, which of course was unknown in Bartolozzi's time, there is no reason why, if they were found in good condition, they should not now afford excellent impressions. There are to be two editions—one of twenty-five numbered copies on extra large paper, with impressions of the illustrations prior to the margins of the copper-plates being cut down for the other edition, of which the issue will also be limited. Both will technically be large quarto, and bound in vellum. Already, we are informed, almost all the copies of both editions have been ordered, so that the work is likely to be out of print as soon as published.

Art Publications.

A MILLET ALBUM.

BEFORE us is the dainty quarto volume, lately issued by Messrs. Scribner & Welford,* containing facsimile reproductions of twenty etchings and woodcuts illustrating the works of Jean François Millet, with an excellent biographical notice of the peasant painter.

In turning over the pages of this book one ceases to marvel at the high estimation in which this great man's works are now held. When the mere black-and-white sketches of his pictures so easily move us by their simple pathos and compel our admiration by their masterly drawing, one ceases to wonder that the originals, into the texture of which is welded the very soul of the poet—if ever artist merited that name, it was this "Michael Angelo of the glebe," as Mr. Henley well calls him—should command the admiration of the world of art. But how is one to account for the apathy of his countrymen—almost a nation of artists, one might say—who allowed him to starve so long that when their recognition of his genius came at last, he had not the strength to live to enjoy its fruits? He would gladly have sold a proof of his noble etching of "The Gleaners" for the price of a loaf of bread; but a hundred dollars would not buy one now. The market price of "The Gaffer," which he gladly sold for 1000 francs, has risen to \$30,000; "The Angelus" from 2000 francs to \$40,000. No canvas, however small, bearing his name, can now be bought for less than three or four thousand dollars. Yet while painting these masterpieces, Millet was sometimes without the necessities of life. Why, one wonders, have Frenchmen so often in this enlightened nineteenth century ignored genius?

* Only five hundred copies of this India proof edition are printed, and of these only a hundred and fifty are sent to America.

Delacroix was an old man, full of trouble, before his talents were recognized. Rousseau, the great landscape painter, tried in vain for ten or twelve years in succession to get his pictures admitted to the Salon. Corot's sweet sylvan poems were only bought by the dealers when his powers began to wane. Poor Méryon, whose etchings now are held in the highest esteem, could not get a franc apiece for proofs of his best plates, and, driven to despair, died a madman. And so in literature and music. The genius of neither Balzac nor Dumas was recognized for many years, and Berlioz, said to be the most able and original master since Beethoven, was wholly unappreciated in his lifetime and scantily subsisted on what he earned for writing musical criticisms for the periodical press.

"THE WILD GARDEN, or our Groves and Gardens made Beautiful by the Naturalization of Hardy Exotic Plants," is the title of a delightful volume by Mr. W. Robinson, charmingly illustrated with woodcuts from drawings by Mr. Alfred Parsons. The term "Wild Garden" is applied by the author "to the placing of perfectly hardy exotic plants in places and under conditions where they will become established and take care of themselves." He has no idea of allowing a garden to run wild, or sowing annuals promiscuously. Indeed he studiously avoids meddling with the garden proper at all. Although written for England, many of the suggestions of the book are peculiarly applicable to this country, which will be readily understood when it is seen that a large proportion of the "exotics" which Mr. Robinson would bring together are our own native wild flowers, which we ourselves know and prize too little. The idea of the wild garden, the author tells us, was suggested to his mind as a home for a numerous class of coarse growing plants, to which people begrudge room in their garden borders, such as the golden rods, michaelmas daisies, compass plants, and a host of others, which are beautiful for a season only, or perhaps too rampant for what are called choice borders and beds. A tall harebell, for example, stiffly tied up in a garden border, as has been the fashion where plants of this kind have been grown at all, is at best times unsightly; but growing among the long grass in a thin wood it is lovely. The golden-rods and michaelmas daisies used to overrun the old mixed border, and were with it abolished. But even the poorest of these seen together in a New England wood in autumn form a picture. So also there are numerous exotic plants of which the individual flowers may not be so striking, but which, grown in groups and colonies, and seen at some distance off, afford beautiful aspects of vegetation, and quite new so far as gardens are concerned. Mr. Robinson's volume is so fragrant of the woods and brookside that one can hardly peruse its graceful pages without long for "a lodge in some vast wilderness," with the addition of a few acres of wild land where he might carry out some of the author's delightful suggestions. (Scribner & Welford, publishers.)

MR. TOWNSEND MACCOUN, a Chicago publisher, sends us a publication by Mr. Charles S. Farrer, A. M., president of Milwaukee College, with the following misleading title: "History of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. Topical Lessons, with Specific References to Valuable Books." This thin little volume does not contain a single line of descriptive matter. It is nothing but a syllabus such as lecturers at schools prepare for their pupils, and to advertise it by this pretentious title is such a palpable deception that we are surprised that the president of any college should sanction it.

"THE AMERICAN ACTOR SERIES" of books relating to the most prominent actors (for the most part deceased) has been begun by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, with an excellent biography of Edwin Forrest, by Mr. Lawrence Barrett. The work has been done with discretion and ability. The illustrations of the volume include three portraits, showing Forrest at the ages of twenty-one, forty-five, and sixty-five. Print collectors and bibliophiles will appreciate the foresight of the publishers in issuing an edition on large paper for extending and extra illustrating.

ART workers will find in "Les Arts du Métal" a superb folio, especially suited to their wants. It is edited by Mr. J. B. Girard, and has for its principal illustrations various objects shown at last year's exhibition of the Union Central des Beaux Arts. Independent of a great many illustrations in the text, comprising almost every branch of manufacture into which the use of metal enters, the portfolio contains fifty full-page plates of heliogravures, representing objects of high artistic merit. Quantin is the publisher, and J. W. Bouton the American agent.

AMONG the valuable art works Mr. Bouton bought during his summer visit to Europe, we notice a complete set of that noble folio, "The Antiquities of Rome," by Ravennate, artist and etcher; and a fine copy, in full vellum, of Canini's "Edifices of Rome, and Monuments of Ancient and Modern Rome." He has also a beautifully bound copy of Sir Horace Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting in England," issued from the author's private printing-press at Strawberry Hill. It was Sir Joshua Reynolds' own copy, and shows numerous pen-and-ink notes on the wide margins of the book made by the great artist.